

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

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6d. Stamped.

**CRYSTAL PALACE. — SATURDAY CONCERT** and AFTERNOON PROMENADE, THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, "Fidelio" (Beethoven); "The Erl King's Daughter," Ballad for solo, chorus, and orchestra (Gade); Symphony, Reformation (Mendelssohn); Andante, for strings, from an Unpublished Symphony (Haydn) (first time of performance); Marche Heroique la Memoire d'Henri Regnault (Saint-Saëns) (first time in England). Vocalists—Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Bolingbroke; Mr Maybrick, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANNS. Transferable Stalls for the Series, Two Guinea; numbered Stalls, for a Single Concert, Half-a-Crown. Gallery Seats, unnumbered, One Shilling. Admission to Palace, One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.**—Members are hereby informed that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at 27, HARLEY STREET, on MONDAY, October 30th, at Four p.m., to receive and deliberate upon the Report of the Council, and to Elect the Council and Officers for the ensuing Session, 1876-7, which will commence on the 6th November.

Note.—The ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, due on the 1st of November, is payable to Messrs CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street. Members who desire to withdraw from the Association should give notice to the Hon. Sec., on or before the 30th inst.

CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

24, Sutherland Gardens, Westbourne Park, W.

**MR SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS,**  
WILLIS'S ROOMS, Nov. 8 and Dec. 6.

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**MR WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," Every Evening next week, at Dublin, in the Ballad Operas. Nov. 4th, Leeds; 13th, Chatham, &c., &c.

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**MISS ELCHO** will sing RANDEGGER's "BENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY," at Langham Hall, October 28.

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**SATURDAY, October 21, "FAUST;"** Monday, 23, WAGNER's "FLYING DUTCHMAN;" Tuesday, 24, "BOHEMIAN GIRL;" Wednesday, 25, first production in England of NICOLO ISOUARD's "JOCONDE;" Thursday, 26, WAGNER's "FLYING DUTCHMAN;" Friday, 27, "TROVATORE."

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**THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, 1877.—NOTICE.**—Names, Corrections, &c., not hitherto sent in, can be inserted in the Proofs, if forwarded immediately to the Publishers; also Advertisements.—20, Charing Cross, London.

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## MISS ELCHO (Contralto).

MISS ELCHO begs that all Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, or Lessons, &c., be addressed—104, Gower Street, W.C.

"Miss Elcho, known in the musical world as a pianist, has come out in the capacity of contralto. She sang last week at a concert held in the Store Street Hall with much success, choosing Verdi's 'Ernani involami,' the romance from 'Mignon' (encored), Gounod's 'Le parlate d'amor,' and other pretty pieces. Miss Elcho can sing from D on the bass staff to B flat above the treble line, and she has been well trained in the Italian school of art. Three re-calls at the end of the evening rewarded her efforts to please."—*The Court Circular*.

"Miss Elcho, who is achieving a success as a vocalist which promises to equal that which she has already gained as a pianist, gave an attractive concert at the music hall, Store Street, on Wednesday evening."—*The Choir*.

"On April 26, Miss Elcho gave a concert at the Store Street Rooms, chiefly with the object of coming before the public as a contralto vocalist. Miss Elcho has long been known as a pianist of great ability, and she now promises to take high rank as a vocalist, having a remarkably fine voice of full compass, which she uses with great taste and a considerable power of expression. Her audience were much gratified, and we have little doubt that their favourable verdict will be more than endorsed in the future."—*The Orchestra*.

"Miss Elcho sang several contralto songs agreeably."—*The Echo*.  
 "Miss Elcho's concert at Store Street was a decided success. She has a fine contralto voice, and is an excellent musician. There is little reason to doubt that she will prove a valuable concert singer."—*The Hornet*.

"Miss Elcho, already known as a pianist, has decided to come before the public as a contralto vocalist. She is endowed with an organ of fine quality and great compass, ranging from D on the third line of the bass staff to B flat in alt. Miss Elcho sang 'Ernani involami' (transposed to G); 'Le parlate d'amor,' from 'Faust' (in B flat); a song of Mr Sullivan's; and the Romance from 'Mignon,' for which, on a bis, Miss Elcho substituted the 'Brindisi,' from 'Luceria Borgia,' with other (and English) words. In Verdi's air Miss Elcho sang from G below the lines to A, shook on D (fourth line), and ended on the high G. Three re-calls, apart from the encore, attested the admiration of the audience."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"Miss Elcho, well known as a pianist of merit, now comes forward as a contralto vocalist, and has every prospect of gaining a good reputation. The voice is of full rich quality, and the range very extensive, from D on the third line of the bass staff to B flat, or nearly three octaves; great power of expression may also be recognised. Miss Elcho, who has studied well, sang the cavatina from 'Ernani,' 'Ernani involami,' Mignon's Romance ('Mignon'), which was encored; the Flower Song, from 'Faust'; Campana's 'Ave Maria'; and songs by Finatti and Sullivan. The music, of course, was transposed to suit the contralto register. Miss Elcho, on the encore, sang the 'Brindisi,' from 'Luceria Borgia,' to old English words, and introduced cadences which were much applauded. Three rounds of applause greeted Miss Elcho at the conclusion of the concert."—*Musical Standard*.

## MR HOLLINS (Tenor).

MR HOLLINS begs to announce that he will be prepared to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Concerts, on the recommendation of Messrs Sherrington and Patey's Tour, on Dec. 2. Address—E. C. BOOSEY, 2, Little Argyl Street, Regent Street, W.

MR BARTON MCGUCKIN (Tenor) begs to announce that he has returned from Milan, and wishes that all Communications be addressed to 33, Shandelea Road, New Cross, London, S.E.

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Alone.

Come where the tangled beeches grow.

My Darling's Last Smile.

Sad sounds the harp now.

Friendship, Love, and Wine.

Let each speak of the world as he finds it.

Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.

The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.

A boatman's life for me.

My Lily.

Sing, dearest, sing.

Many weary years ago.

Return of the Exile.

Glory or the Grave.

The Alpine Hunter.

Heavenly Voices.

Gentle Flowers.

The Buckles on her Shoes.

The Flight of the Birds.

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Sung by Mr EDWARD LLOYD, and Just Published.

THE RINGLET. Song. Poetry by TENNYSON (by permission). Music by DESMOND L. RYAN. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,  
 PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,  
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 WARWICK MANSION.

## CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.

Mr Santley being in the company, the production of *Zampa* at the Lyceum was looked forward to as a certainty. He had played the hero at the Gaiety Theatre six years ago with such success that Mr Rosa, having vastly superior general means at disposal, was justified in bringing forward Hérold's so-called "masterpiece" once again. We are not, however, among those who consider the parts written expressly for Chollet, some forty years ago, best suited to our admirable English lyric comedian, whose voice is a legitimate baritone, while the voice of Chollet was a curious mixture of baritone and tenor, which could not in strict truth be styled absolutely either, though—as the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, composed expressly for Chollet, by Adolphe Adam, in 1836, six years after *Fra Diavolo* and five years after *Zampa*, plainly showed—inclining beyond question to the tenor. Such voices have by no means been rare on the French stage, and a great deal of the music at the Opéra-Comique has been expressly composed for them. This is why Italian tenors—allowing for exceptional instances, among the number being Signors Gardoni and Naudin—object to undertake such parts. Mario, although certainly not what is called a "high tenor," nor even a "robust tenor," is a strong case in point, as his ultimate rejection of *Fra Diavolo* proves. Nevertheless the character of *Zampa* undoubtedly exacts more from the tenor than from the baritone, and thus Mr Santley is obliged to accommodate himself, or rather to make Hérold accommodate himself, to the circumstances. Otherwise, speaking of so thoroughly accomplished a musician, it need hardly be said that he gives the music as perfectly as it could well be given by any existing singer. That he pleases the audience may be understood by the applause which follows his performance from beginning to end. Nor could a more acceptable Camilla, one more fitted to invest the character with personal interest, and to accomplish satisfactorily all that is set down by the composer, than Mlle Torriani be easily found. Miss Lucy Franklin, too, is a lively Rita; and, with so genial a Daniel as Mr Aynsley Cook, the "underplot," otherwise insignificant, goes on merrily enough. Mr Charles Lyall's Dandolo affords another instance of his ability to make a great deal out of little or nothing. So unpretending a part has seldom been rendered more diverting than by this ready and versatile comedian. Mr Henry Nordblom plays Alphonse (Camilla's lover); upon Mr Muller devolves the task of impersonating the chief corsair, *Zampa's* lieutenant; and Mrs Aynsley Cook represents the marble statue of the canonised Alice di Manfredi, one of the victims of the hero's perfidy, who, at the moment when success seems to be crowning his latest and most nefarious plot, becomes his bane. About *Zampa* generally, Melesville's plot and Hérold's music, there is not a word to say that has not been said already sufficiently often. Enough that the plot is one of the most absurd ever conceived, and that the music, though containing much that is characteristic and pretty, is by no means entitled to the high esteem which its admirers for nearly half a century have claimed for it. With such a chorus and orchestra as Mr Rosa has under his direction, however, it can scarcely fail to please; and the sparkling overture, which is almost an epitome of the opera, hackneyed as it is, always commands attention and applause. So spirited a beginning leads to higher expectations than are positively realised. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there are melodies and dramatically effective pieces in the work to account for the long acceptance it has obtained.

The next novelty, we are informed, is to be the somewhat bucolic *Jocande*, of Nicolo Isouard, composed for the Opéra-Comique as far back as 1814—an English version of the libretto of which, it is stated (we cannot vouch for the fact), has been prepared by Mr Santley, who undertakes the part of the hero. Let us hope that this sexagenarian lyric drama may have retained enough of its pristine freshness to account for its being offered to a London public at this late period in the century of its birth. *The Flying Dutchman* and the *Lily of Killarney* continue to attract.

CATANIA.—Previously to leaving this town after the honours lately rendered to the remains of Bellini, the Cavaliere Florimo promised that he would present the Corporation with the objects formerly belonging to the composer, which he has in his possession, and which he venerates as precious relics, provided the Corporation would purchase the house in which Bellini was born and deposit the objects in it.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



stand?" "Such a getting up stairs," &c., ditties of equally idiotic character with the songs of the present day, which to name is to advertise. Of course I write with a motive, which is to get you to bring me forward as the pioneer of a new path in the proper direction.

I have, in anticipation of the change of sentiment, written several songs, which I think you will say, when you peruse the accompanying specimen, are capable of exciting the muse of our rising young composers in the most favourable mood. Awaiting yours, Their and Co.'s opinion (having no opinion myself), I beg to subscribe myself, yours lackadaisically, PLOVER BENWELL.

Peevitt Hall, Phenicopterbury.

P.S.—Some sort of arrangement might be made with persons to whom verses of such a character as the accompanying specimen might be supposed to refer, by which the privilege of the insertion of a special name might be made profitable. *Qu'en pensez-vous?*—P. B.

The song referred to in the foregoing superfluously teratological document is entitled, "O let me have a pound of (say Sloekins's) tea," and runs (or limps) as below:—



Oh! as I pass down Maids\* Hill,  
Wealthy stores my eyelids greet;  
And my heart is throbbing still,  
At each brightness thatt they meet.  
Through my heart a sudden pang,  
Of a far-spent ecstasy;†  
Then I say, with sudden clang,§  
Oh! let me have a pound of tea.  
Oh! let, oh! let me, let me have,  
Oh! let me have a pound of tea.¶  
A single ounce, in days of yore,  
Was all I could at one time buy;  
But now pour out the lib'ral store,¶  
A greater fund my wants supply\*\*  
Then let me feel the rapture nigh,  
That filled my soul with extasy,††  
And to my eager heart reply,  
Oh! let him have a pound of tea.  
Oh! let, oh! let him, let him have,  
Oh! let him have a pound of Tea.‡‡

BUDA-PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is expected at the beginning of next month, and it is supposed, from the fact of his having his books sent here, that he contemplates making a somewhat protracted stay. He will be accompanied by a few pupils from Germany and France. There are now a great many foreign students, especially Russians, in the Academy of Music.—Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* has been successfully produced at the National-Theater. Georges Bizet's *Carmen* is in preparation. Mme Materna and Herr Labatt, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, will shortly sing the characters of Sieglinde and Siegmund in the first part of *Die Walküre*, for a charitable purpose.

\* This may be altered, as convenience or arrangement directs, into Holborn, Saffron, Mutton, Notting, Ludgate, Fish Street, Tower, &c., &c.

† Or "what," according to locality. ‡ Or "extasy," if you like.

§ Beautiful line this.

¶ Tremolo on the piano to this.

¶ Here you might introduce a phrase from the hymn, "The Good Rhein Wine."

\*\* It ought to be "supplies," but that won't rhyme.

†† See note ‡ above.

‡‡ Three-shilling mixed.



## MORE ABOUT BELLINI.

A great act of homage has just been completed to the memory of Bellini. Few men have better deserved it, for very few are they who have done so much to refine the taste and add to the happiness of mankind. (!) Nearly two years have elapsed since the desire was expressed to remove the remains of the immortal Bellini from their temporary resting-place in Paris, to his native city, Catania. This has now been accomplished, and, along the whole line of route, the civil and military authorities, and the population of the towns where the deputation rested with the precious treasure, rendered the highest honours in their power. At Reggio, the last resting-place on the Continent, there was a great crowd assembled to express their admiration of the composer of that sweet music which has delighted and soothed so many thousands; a banquet was given to the deputation, and a steamer of the Royal Navy was waiting to convey the ashes of Bellini to Catania, where they arrived on the 23rd inst. In the Via Etnea, says a local journal, 100,000 persons were assembled to do honour to them as they were conveyed to a temporary place of deposit, and flowers and crowns were showered upon them. On the 24th inst. a solemn mass was performed, at which 200 artists assisted, and ten young ladies placed a splendid garland or crown of flowers on the bier.

Such were the distinctions with which his fellow-citizens delighted to honour the memory of Bellini. And their example has inspired the people of Bari to bring home the remains of their fellow-citizen, Niccolò Piccini. The rival of Gluck, the Barese cherishes his memory with affection, and it is now proposed to ask permission of the French Government to remove his body from Passy to his native place. After centuries of popular inaction, the Italians are now manifesting a desire to reverence in every possible way the memory of those connected with the glories of their past history.

Next Sunday a commemorative stone is to be placed on the house in the Arenella, in which Salvatore Rosa resided. Sixty of the first artists of Naples have projected and will accomplish this act. A banquet—for the English mode of celebration is now being generally followed—will be given on the occasion.

Naples, Sept. 27, 1876.

[For Niccolini Piccini, *bravissimo!* ye people of Bari. He was a great man—probably, if he were thoroughly known, greater than Gluck. For Salvatore Rosa, thanks ye inhabitants of Naples! About Bellini—poor, uncultured, one-coloured, morbid, wild flower!—read Heinrich Heine.—D.P.]

## MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

October 17.

Our musical season has stolen on us almost unawares. Already the Concert Hall has been opened for the first of the Gentlemen's Concerts, when, in addition to the ordinary orchestral attractions, Mme Sinico and Signor Campobello sang and Mr Charles Hallé played. The Vocal Society has commenced its new campaign, and the above-mentioned "stars" sang at the first concert. Messrs Forsyth gave a miscellaneous concert last week, at which Mdlle Albani and Mdlle Zaré Thalberg appeared. Both these young ladies were enthusiastically received (*I should rather think so.*—D. P.); and Mdlle Albani's singing, especially of "Angels, ever bright and fair," and of "Casta Diva," created a profound impression.

Last week Mr Mapleson gave a short series of Italian operas at the Theatre Royal; the attendances were generally large. But, unfortunately, Mdlle Tietjens, who sang on the first night in the *Trovatore*, and on Monday night had been in splendid voice, caught cold on the stage, which was exposed to a twofold current of air from the new ventilators; and, though she sang again on Wednesday in the *Nozze di Figaro*, she could appear neither in *Don Giovanni* nor in *Norma*, as had been expected. Mme Marie Roze replaced her as Donna Anna, and Lucia di Lammermoor, with Mdlle Valleria, was given instead of *Norma*. The other operas were *Faust* and *Rigoletto*. Mme Trebelli sang as superbly as ever, and Signor Gillandi, the tenor, was heard with great delight. The new comers did not prove very valuable acquisitions, though the Margherita of Miss Emma Abbot was full of promise. Mdlle Bianini made a single appearance as Siebel, but she has very much to learn. Signor Dorini was hopelessly ineffective as Faust and as the Duke of Mantua.

On Saturday last the first of Mr De Jong's popular concerts was given. The orchestral performances afforded great satisfaction, and

the singing of Mme Trebelli and the flute solo of Mr De Jong were most enthusiastically received.

On Monday night, at the Prince's Theatre, *Nell Gwynne*, a new comic opera by Mr Alfred Cellier, composer of the *Sultan of Mocha*, was produced with complete success. The libretto is founded on an old comedy by Moncrieff, and the cast includes Misses Pattie Laverne, Alice Cook, Corri, and Messrs A. Brenner, Furneaux Cook, J. H. Ryley, and R. Temple.

## THE LADY OF LYONS.

Lord Lytton's statement that he took the plot of the *Lady of Lyons* from "an indistinct recollection of the very pretty little tale, called 'The Bellows-Mender,'" supported by the fact that a drama resembling his own in many respects was produced at Sadler's Wells, with the title of *Peyrooroo, the Bellows-Mender*—we are not certain of the orthography of the name—has been held definitely to settle the origin of a play which may boast of having been the most popular English drama of the present century. It seems probable, however, that Lord Lytton had a recollection, tolerably distinct, of a comedy by Mrs Behn, entitled *The False Count*, a portion of the intrigue of which is exactly analogous to that in his own work. *The False Count*; or, *A New Way to Play an Old Game*, was produced at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1682, the principal parts being played by Nokes, Leigh, Underhill, Lee, Mrs Davis, Mrs Petty, and Mrs Correr, or Currer. Isabella, the daughter of Francisco, a merchant, is "proud, vain, and foolish," and "despises all men under the degree of Quality." A plot to humble her is framed between Carlos, the Governor of Cadiz, and Antonio, a young merchant. A chimney-sweep, entitled Guilium, a "fellow of quick wit and good apprehension," is sent for, dressed in gay clothes, furnished with money, an "equipage," and instruction, and is invested with the title of Count. Thus disguised, he marries the proud beauty. The workmanship in the earlier play is coarse, but the resemblance in motive does not end with the mere outline of plot indicated. Isabella's pride shows itself in a manner not unlike that of Pauline. She thus addresses the "False Count":—

"Name not your titles, 'tis yourself I love,  
Your amiable, sweet, and charming self,  
And I could almost wish you were not great,  
To let you see my love."

To squeeze from revenge the last drop of gratification, Carlos insists that Guilium, when he has married the lady, shall fetch her away in his original costume. He appears, accordingly, as a chimney-sweep, and kisses her on the cheek, leaving on it, of course, a black mark in so doing. Different as is the work of the two authors, there is resemblance enough to suggest distinct obligation on the part of the latter. It is possible some earlier piece, French, or perhaps Spanish, supplied both dramatists with the idea. The notion of dressing a man of humble birth as a gentleman occurs in the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière, and also in an earlier play by Chappuzeau, entitled *Le Cercle des Femmes*. The resemblance between the two plays is pointed out as a literary fact worth mentioning, and is not supposed to detract from the worth of Lord Lytton's drama, whatever that may be.—*Athenæum*.

Katharine and Petruchio come from *The Taming of the Shrew*; Tobin's *Honeymoon* had something to do with both; and *The Lady of Lyons*, although having precisely nothing to do with either, is really a confused dream of both, to be conceived by Hogg, or Wilson (which was the greater humbug—"Christopher" or the "Ettrick Shepherd?"), after one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.—D.P.

BARMEN.—The new Stadttheater, to replace the edifice totally consumed by fire on the 25th November, 1875, was opened on the 1st inst., with due solemnity. Weber's "Jubel Overture" was followed by a prologue, written especially for the occasion. The opera was *Figaro's Hochzeit*.

BERLIN.—Miss Minnie Hauck has returned to the Royal Operahouse, being welcomed by thunders of applause and avalanches of bouquets. Her voice is as fresh and as artistically employed as ever. She appeared first in *Faust* and next in *Aida*.—On the occasion of his twenty-fifth professional anniversary lately, the members of the orchestra at the Operahouse presented Herr Eckert with a valuable conducting stick inlaid with silver.—A spectacular piece entitled *Die Irrfahrten des Odysseus (The Wanderings of Ulysses)*, is drawing good houses at the Victoria Theater. It is well placed upon the stage, and well acted, while the music composed for it by Herr Lehnhardt is of more than average merit.

## MUSICAL PITCH.

Mr. Sims Reeves has addressed the subjoined letter to the *Athenæum* :—

*Grange Mount, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood.*

It is very painful to me to be dragged into something like a public controversy by the personal remarks of your musical critic, as to my being "the main cause of an agitation that has led only to confusion and discord," &c. No reform of standing abuses can be effected without a certain measure of debate. There are always opposing influences that must be overcome, and temporary strife may be well purchased by the final advance of the true interests of art. Uniformity, this gentleman assures us, can only be secured by legislative enactment, as in France. This may be so; but, though we are a law abiding people, we do not fly to a central authority on all occasions, and I almost fear that musical art is not yet quite sufficiently valued in this country for a legislative enactment of such a kind to be within the range of immediate probabilities. We must, then, as individuals, do what we can and may, and I, for one, am willing to incur the charge of interested motives, which your musical critic, not very graciously perhaps, urges against me, if thereby I can promote the cause of art and benefit my admirable fellow artists, both English and foreign. And now to answer the allegations urged against me as briefly as possible.

1. I really cannot take upon myself the credit for the reduction of the organ pitch at Birmingham, because it is notorious that this was an absolute necessity (and letters in my possession from the managers prove it), in order to conform the pitch to the reduced one at Drury Lane.

2. I can undertake to prove, if need be, by the works in my possession, that the pitch in Italy and Germany has never been so high as that of Sir Michael Costa. I may venture in this connection that my esteemed friend, Herr Joachim, plays on a different violin in Germany, with thicker strings. Here he brings one with thinner strings, to suit the abnormal pitch. This one fact would be conclusive as to the continental usage in the eyes of unprejudiced inquirers.

3. If an unreasonable pitch was persisted on to the eleventh hour, and a sudden change then carried out, and disasters evoked at Birmingham, as your contributor alleges, I can surely in no sense be held responsible. The chief artists at Drury Lane had previously forced a reasonable reduction of the pitch on Sir Michael Costa. If this reform had been steadily adhered to, there could have been no confusion and no disasters at Birmingham or elsewhere.

4. I declare unequivocally, and for the twentieth time, that I only ask for the pitch of Donzelli, David, Duprez, and Nourrit. I most entirely concur with that great composer, Mendelssohn, that to transpose this in oratorios is highly objectionable. I am convinced that Handel, Mendelssohn, and all other masters, felt the colour, as it were, of the keys they wrote and write in. Hence I am always unwilling to transpose, and that is just why I wished to secure the normal pitch, which will render transposing unnecessary.

5. With respect to those great artists, M<sup>me</sup> Patti and M<sup>me</sup> Nilsson, it is wholly unnecessary for me to vindicate their course of action, and I cannot but express my surprise at the liberty of comment which your musical critic has allowed himself, with regard to the latter artist more especially. Unpleasant personalities are surely out of place in the discussion of a public interest, where private likes and dislikes should be wholly set aside. I need only further observe that the pitch at Hereford was tuned to that accepted now both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

I have no delusion on the subject of pitch. Uniformity is doubtless most desirable, but it must be uniformity in that which is abnormal and extraordinary. The pertinacity of my old friend, Sir Michael Costa, has alone so long retarded this essential reform, which, however, may now be said to have carried the day, finally. To the very personal concluding remarks of your contributor, I have only to reply that I am quite willing to accept his assurance of good will, and to recognise his past assertions that I am necessarily the chief loser by my inability at times to fulfil my engagements, whether to directors or to the public. Nobody can regret, need I say, as deeply as I do, the practical extinction of voice from which I sometimes suffer; the kind and art-loving public will understand, I am sure, that I have made great pecuniary sacrifices because I did not like to take pay for services which I could not discharge so as to do justice to the music I was called on to perform. Personal explanations are always painful things; to me, I may say, peculiarly so. It is certain that I never disappoint the public without being far more grievously disappointed myself; but our frequent changes of temperature are most trying, and no care or caution can guarantee me against occasional attacks which prohibit me for a season to leave the house, and yield my public services to that art which it is the highest ambition of my soul to forward by all the legitimate means within my reach.

J. SIMS REEVES.

## A SCARLET GLOVE.

Wherever, or whenever, an apostle appears, there, by some unknown law of sociology, will start up and gravitate towards him at least some human atoms. No matter what his apostleship may be, it is its assumption that seems all a certain portion of society demands. The more preposterous the claim, the more enthusiastic its adherents. Most particularly when the apostle aspires to overturn old and much-loved habits and prejudices will he find favour, and this for obvious reasons, for the natural craving of the noble animal, Man, is to destroy, rather than preserve; therefore it is that those men who, rightly or wrongly, have sought to be centres of any social movement, have appealed to this ignoble passion of humankind nearly always with success.

So manifestly is this the rule, that, supposing a voice were raised calling upon men to abandon their present animal and vegetable aliment, and to supplant or augment it with such a delectable régime as leaves, wood, twigs, insects, or even a diet of small stones, there would probably be a dozen other voices immediately echoing and supporting the proposition. Is this idea more preposterous than the practical suggestion that sound, as it has been treated by the great musical minds of past ages, is insufficient for present and future musical ears, and that noise is to be pressed into the service of art, to be at least its co-equal? All that appeals to the sense of hearing may be classed under the two heads, sound and noise: sound, being that which either gratifies, or fails to arouse the oral nerves; noise, that which excites and disturbs them. Strange though it is, there is an apostle of noise, who holds that grateful vibrations such as slate pencil scrooping, train-wheels on dry rails, screechings and whistlings, tearings of calico, and others equally soothing, should be exquisitely imitated by the human voice and all known musical instruments. Theoretically this is not of course advanced, but practically. Let those who would give an indignant denial to the above be rewarded by hearing certain portions of certain later operas of a certain great composer performed and re-performed till they cry mercy.

The greatness that can command and lead the minds of its fellows is a boon to mankind; but not when its possessor feels himself too great to supplement the work of others, and must create a new era for himself, in which he will be the first; must wipe out the well-covered tablet of the past, that his own name shall be the only one to meet his eyes while he lives. There is hardly ever truth at the foundation of a violent revolution. The true reformer modifies and re-models, too much governed by real devotion to the object of the reformation to be more than gently daring in his interference, his reason recognising the fact that real reformation of the work of many minds must also be the work of many minds. What a mind that can believe itself capable of outweighing the amalgamated thought of hundreds!

Yet such a one is in our midst, dangerously conspicuous. None among those who throng to hear an earlier and comparatively insignificant work can fail to thrill in response to the accents of genius, heard among the din and the affectation, as diamonds would sparkle from among the dust. One minute they may be startled and repelled, but the next obliterates the unpleasant impression, and, perhaps, the next brings with it a breath of such poetical inspiration that for the moment the listener not only forgives, but takes the composer to his heart.—To be speedily cast out again; for mostly on the very heels of pathos careers a wild crew of ill-favoured dissonants that scares away the brief sympathy, and leaves a dull wonder and hesitation. He who hesitates—is won? Hardly—for underlying all fleeting impressions is a steady feeling of intense regret that so much power should be scattered to the four winds of impulse, vanity, ambition, and caprice.

FLAMINGO.

## A CHARITY CONCERT.\*

We have rarely assisted at so successful a miscellaneous concert as that given on Tuesday last, at 11, Bryanston Square, in aid of the funds of two most valuable industrial schools, the Girls' Home, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, and the Boys' Home, East Barnet. Mr and Mrs Farrer had lent their house, while the artists and the conductor lent their services. Mr Carl Rosa gave permission to Miss Gaylord, Miss Yorke, and Mr Packard. The first piece, Mr Walter Macfarren's Sonata in E, for pianoforte and violoncello, introduced Signor Gaetano Braga, who, though known as a violoncellist in Paris, had not hitherto been publicly heard in London. Miss Kate Steel, who took the pianoforte part in the sonata, and, subsequently, Mendelssohn's Caprice in E, is a pupil of Mr W. Macfarren. Signor Braga also played two of his own compositions, "Adieu à Vienne" and "Gavotte." Another of his compositions—"Serenade"—with violoncello accompaniment, was sung by Miss Mary Davies. Miss Josephine Yorke sang, "O, mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*, as also a ballad, "O, loving heart, trust on," by L. M. Gottschalk. Mr F. H. Celli introduced Gounod's "Maid of Athens," besides the "Yoeman's Wedding," by the late Prince Poniatowski. Mr Packard gave "M'appari," from *Marta*, and Sir Julius Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen." Miss Julia Gaylord sang "I'm alone," also from *The Lily of Killarney*, and a new song, "They say," by Signor Randegger. Miss Bolingbroke chose the same composer's "Sleep, dearest, sleep," with violoncello accompaniment by Signor Braga. Miss Emma Buer gave Benedict's "Rock me to sleep." Misses Davies and Bolingbroke added Rubinstein's duets, "The Wanderer's Night Song," and "The Angel," and, with Miss Buer, a trio, by Signor Randegger, "Buzzing." Messrs Packard and Celli sang Flotow's duet, "Quante voce," and the concert ended with the "Spinning Wheel" Quartet, from *Marta*, sung by Misses Gaylord and Yorke, Messrs Packard and Celli.

IOTA KAPP.

## SIMS REEVES AT LEEDS.

(From the "Leeds Intelligencer.")

No less attraction than the appearance of Mr Sims Reeves could, on such an evening, have assembled an audience like that which last night overcrowded the Victoria Hall. The wet weather during the earlier part of the evening limited the display of fashion in the front seats. Little regard, however, was shown to the "reserved" division—that and every part of the large hall being unceremoniously packed with a much greater crowd than it could comfortably accommodate. Many had to be turned away; but the promoter took good care that all were admitted who could be within sight or hearing of the singers. The orchestra and vestibule were also filled. A number of youths amused themselves and friends by trying to climb up the pillars, or clamber upon their square base, where many remained the evening. These diversions were, however, of less account than the unseemly behaviour which brought the performance to a premature close. The concert opened with an instrumental trio on themes from Verdi's *Rigoletto*—Mlle Brousil (violin); Mr H. Nicholson (flute); Mr Sidney Naylor (pianist). Signor Foli had a decided success in "The Diver" and "I fear no foe." Mdm Osborne Williams made a favourable impression in "The Lady of the Lea," "She wore a wreath of roses," and "Huntingtower." The other lady vocalist was Mdm Cave-Ashton. Mr Sims Reeves, who had an enthusiastic reception, gave a new song, by J. Guest, "Only a face at the window," which sufficed to show that he was in splendid voice, and likely to maintain, in the Australian tour, his reputation as prince of tenors. He was recalled, but declined an encore. Then came "My Pretty Jane"—sung as Mr Reeves only can sing it. At the close he was twice recalled and applauded with such warmth that, despite his known objection to encores, he consented to sing again, favouring the audience with a beautifully pathetic rendering of "Tom Bowling." The tenor's next song was "The Macgregor's Gathering." This he gave with a degree of spirit and dramatic effect that once more roused the enthusiasm of his hearers, who insisted on having it again. Mr Reeves firmly declined, however, to break again through his rule, having already done more than the programme had promised. He returned to the orchestra and bowed; but this by no means satisfied a portion of the audience, who continued applauding, stamping their feet, whistling, and shouting for his re-appearance. After waiting in vain for quietness to be restored, Mlle Brousil came to the front and played a violin solo. So unmannerly, however, were the

\* Delayed in transmission.

"encore" section of the audience that they continued the same noise and disorder. In spite of this behaviour, the lady continued to play, but not a note was heard. Next came Mdm Osborne Williams, but she, too, was refused a hearing, and retired amidst whistling and shouts for "Reeves." Signor Foli next made his appearance to sing "Jack's Yarn," but, as the disturbance continued, he retired from the platform. Comparative quietness was at length restored for the instrumental trio, the last item in the programme. Many of the audience now remained in their seats, expecting the rejected songs. In this they were mistaken, the concert was over. We hope that the lesson may serve some good purpose by checking the "encore" nuisance. [We hope so too, but wish we may get it.—A. S. SILENT.]

## MDME ARABELLA GODDARD'S RECITAL.

(From the "Examiner," October 17.)

Mdm Arabella Goddard has returned from her musical tour at the antipodes, and, after an absence of more than three years, appeared for the first time again before a London audience on Thursday last. Her numerous admirers gave her a cordial and deserved welcome. The name of our English pianist has been on former occasions the subject of a controversy which we sincerely hope will not be revived on her return amongst us. Invidious and superfluous comparisons have been made between her style and her merits and those of representative foreign pianists, such as Mdm Schumann, Dr von Bülow, and Herr Rubinstein. Discussions of this kind seldom lead to much. All artists have their individual styles, more or less sympathetic or repulsive to individual hearers. The question of absolute excellence will, in most cases, remain an open one, pre-supposing always that the high demands of modern technique are satisfied. And with regard to this point, Mdm Goddard need not shun comparison with any of her rivals, native or foreign. We happened, some time ago, to come upon an interesting passage in the diary of the late Mr Moscheles, which may be quoted to advantage at the present moment. After speaking in the highest terms of praise of Rubinstein, whose success he had prognosticated long before, the deceased pianist goes on to say—"The other night at our house I met Arabella Goddard. Her also I had heard when she was a child at Paris, and prophesied her brilliant future. Who will doubt my gifts as a prophet after this? She masters the greatest difficulties with astounding clearness and elegance, and her touch is bright and clear, like a bell. Here (at Leipsic) she found the recognition she deserved. She must satisfy the severest critics anywhere." We ought to take an example from Moscheles' comprehensive spirit of appreciation. Our admiration for Rubinstein's impulsive *verve* is surely no reason why we should undervalue the less demonstrative finish of Arabella Goddard, or vice versa.

We subjoin the varied and interesting programme of the first recital, which was of somewhat more than ordinary length, and from which the three last pieces, mere *tours de force* of technical skill, might have been left out to advantage. (Here follows programme.)

After the remarks above quoted, a further analysis of Mdm Goddard's executive qualities is not required. A few points may be mentioned. Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song" and Chopin's Valse were masterpieces of reproductive skill, the pianist's touch in the last-mentioned piece evincing in an eminent degree that quality which the Germans appropriately term "*perlend*." In Walsstein's Sonata we most admired the commencement of the Rondo theme, which, after the sombre chords of the introductory *adagio*, sounds like a message of bright hope. The repose and dignity of Mdm Arabella Goddard's style here stood her in good stead. Chopin's Nocturne, on the other hand, seemed to us wanting in character with regard to both rhythm and sentiment. The technique displayed in Thalberg's Fantasia was of the highest order, although wasted on a showy piece of little artistic value. Throughout the concert we did not hear a single false note. An *encore* of Chopin's Valse, and cordial applause throughout, were the well-earned reward of the pianist's excellent performance.

TURIN.—The Philharmonic Society for Wind Instruments has been dissolved.



## THE LATE DR RIMBAULT.

The death of Edward Francis Rimbault, LL.D., announced in last week's *Athenæum*, leaves a void not only in the musical world, but also in a considerable literary circle, and it is such a void as cannot readily be filled up. Dr Rimbault died in his own house, 29, St Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, on the morning of the 26th of September, and was buried on the 30th, in Highgate Cemetery. He had completed his sixtieth year on the preceding 13th of June.

The special knowledge which Dr Rimbault possessed, and in which he was, perhaps, unrivalled, was twofold: first, as to all that related to Early English music, including the history of the art and of its professors, from the commencement of the sixteenth century to the end of the last; and, secondly, as to the contents of Early English printed books, any, or all, of which he would read whenever he could find them, for the chance of gleaming some forgotten information and taking note of it. No sooner had he acquired new evidence upon any contested point, upon biographical details, or upon any forgotten subject, than he would place it at the service of his literary friends, with a liberality which is not often paralleled. Indeed, his readiness to oblige was not limited to personal friends, for he was also ready to impart his peculiar information to any literary inquirer; and it is not too much to say that a considerable number of books upon antiquarian subjects by various authors were greatly improved by his advice and assistance. His own researches were commenced when only in his teens, and were so well known to others that at the age of twenty-four he was requested to accept the secretaryship of the Percy and of the Musical Antiquarian Societies, the former for the reprinting of Early English poetry and popular literature, and the latter for Early English musical compositions. For these two societies, which both endured for about eleven years, Dr Rimbault edited fourteen works. Subsequently he accepted a place on the Council of the Handel Society; and, later still, on that of the Camden Society, which alone survives. For the Handel Society he edited three oratorios, and for the Camden two works. He was the factotum of the Motet Society, and edited Marbeck's *Book of Common Prayer* (date of Edward VI.), and numerous collections of anthems, chants, &c., for publishers. On the literary side, he edited the works of Sir Thomas Overbury, the Hon. Roger North's *Memoirs of Musick*, and many more. It is unnecessary to recapitulate them, as the list up to 1860 was supplied to M. Fétis, and may be found in his *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*. It was the love of his special subjects which induced Dr Rimbault to edit such works, and to give his time to a most careful series of biographical and bibliographical notes which accompany them. The remuneration for an editor rarely exceeded that of the twelve to twenty-five copies which a society gives, and which the editor distributes among his friends. The money to buy so valuable a collection of books as Dr Rimbault possessed was supplied, first, by a kind godfather, and, secondly, by his professional earnings. The latter were limited, on account of the great share of time which he devoted to literature. He was habitually abstemious, and his only luxuries were old books, and now and then an old carved bookcase, or a bit of old stained glass. Such was the man. It is probable that this famous library will now be dispersed, for lack of the master mind, and the consequent decline of a modest income.

W. CHAPPELL.

## LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I have been sitting alone  
All day, while the clouds went by,  
While moved the strength of the seas,  
While a wind with a will of his own,  
A Poet out of the sky,  
Smote the green harp of the trees.  
Alone, yet not alone,  
For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,  
As the cloudy sky grew clear,  
The touch of our Father Half-known,  
Who dwells at the heart of the world,  
Yet who is always here.

ATHENÆUM.

It is with the deepest regret, in which we believe our readers will generally share, that we have to announce the death of Dr Rimbault, who was for several years the editor of the *Choir*, and for a still longer period a valued contributor to its columns. The Doctor's serious illness had for some weeks past rendered his recovery almost hopeless, and on Thursday last he died, at the age of sixty-one, at his residence in Regent's Park. In looking back upon the career which has just closed, at a period when many years of active employment seemed still to be lying before the busy worker who has now gone to his well-earned rest, it is impossible to speak too highly of the devotion to duty which characterised his every action, and of the thoroughness with which he did everything that was entrusted to him. There have probably been few men who have done more actual and useful work for the popularisation of music in this country than was done by Dr Rimbault; and it is a singular feature in his life that he approached music from two distinct sides, and in each he was singularly successful. Our readers, who have so often benefited by his researches, will not need to be reminded of his vast learning as a musical antiquarian; and yet, while he was thus an ancient of the ancients, he was, on the other hand, emphatically a modern of the moderns, for there was scarcely any new work of importance issued from the press which did not, in some form or other, come under his hands for arrangement or adaptation. Things old and new were thus the daily food of his mind; and it is, perhaps, little wonder that it became at last a perfect storehouse of facts, as to music and musicians, past and present. In his library the evidences of the Doctor's erudite tastes were to be seen on every side, and the distinctive title of *Bibliophile* which a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday evening applied to him was, perhaps, never more appropriately used. His knowledge of the earlier English writers on music, and of musical bibliography generally, had led him to gather together many choice works, and by their possession and constant study he was enabled to throw light upon many a vexed question, to offer many a note, and to answer many a query. If, in fact, his opportunities of continued and concentrated literary work had been greater he would have doubtless given to the world many exhaustive treatises, and those essays which he has published are sufficient to show what we have lost in this respect. As illustrations of the laborious character of his work as the editor of the old scores we may point to the publications of the Musical Antiquarian Society, while, in the field of general antiquity, he has rendered equally valuable assistance to other learned societies. In regard to modern music the Doctor's name is too well known as an editor to need any detailed allusion to his work, although it may be mentioned that he was specially successful in his arrangements for the organ and harmonium, and in ten handbooks which he prepared for students of those instruments. As an organist he was engaged at St Peter's, Vere Street, and elsewhere, but with this exception his study was the chief scene of his life-work. In that room he was always seen at his best, and the printers of the metropolis would, perhaps, be best able to recount the vast amount of "copy," literary and musical, which he contributed in the course of his threescore years. Even in the most recent numbers of the *Leisure Hour* there are articles from his pen; and while lying on his sick bed many a proof sheet passed before him for revision. In conjunction with the Rev John Robinson he was engaged at the time of his death in preparing a collection of tunes for the *Parochial Psalter and Hymn Book*, the delay in the issue of which has indeed been mainly due to his illness. The few original contributions which Dr Rimbault made from time to time to Church music, in the form of hymn tunes and chants, show how thoroughly his taste lay in the direction of the old ecclesiastical school; and he was, we have reason to know, a devoted lover of genuine English psalmody. Finally, it may be said that the departed musician was essentially a religious man. Although, owing to his retiring and modest habits, he took little part in the public movements of the day, he felt strongly the importance of promoting heartiness in public worship; and, not very long since, the present writer took part with him in a meeting held for the promotion of this special object, in which he manifested the warmest interest. As a man Dr Rimbault will be sincerely regretted by a numerous circle of friends; and even those who only knew him in his business connection, or as the referee on some point of musical history, will unite in testifying to his kindness, courtesy, and geniality.

CHARLES MACKESON.

NICE.—An opera, *Il Tribuno*, by Capellini, is announced.

NAPLES.—It is said that Signor Borioli, the new manager of the San Carlo, is in treaty with Signora Fricci, Signori Bolis and Cotogni. Among the operas he is likely to produce report includes *La Forza del Destino*, by Verdi, and *La Contessa di Mons*, by Signor Lauro Rossi.—Herr R. Wagner has paid this city a visit.

TRIESTE.—*Lohengrin* has been produced, the principal characters by Giovannoni, Edelsberg, Campanini, Moriarni, and Castelmarty. The conductor was Mancinelli.

HIRSCHBERG.—The second Silesian Musical Festival will be held here next year from the 7th to the 10th July, both dates inclusive, Herr Ludwig Deppe will again officiate as conductor.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR HINGE.—The choral style of Verdi in his *Manzoni Requiem* may be designated as the chaotically independent. Dr Hinge is wrong about Souche, Gabellus, Viperius, and Palestrina. We don't know what he means by "Comex."

## NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. A complete record of the Bristol Musical Festival will appear in our next number.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.



Returned from Bayreuth.

No. 3.

(At the Fish and Volume.)

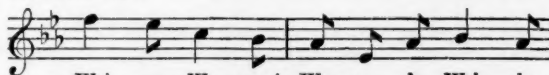
DR DEMON.—Here we are again! It was cold at Bayreuth.

MR COVENTRY FISH.—I found it hot.

DR DEMON.—I wanted to stay with Alberich among the furnaces (humming):—



MR COVENTRY FISH.—I wanted to dive with Woglinde into the depths (singing):—



Wei - a Wa - ga! Wo - ge, du Wel - le.

DR DEMON.—I'd have gone into the fire with Siegfried.

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Brünnhilde must have been piping. I could have taken off her helm and birnie—

DR DEMON.—Humph!

MR COVENTRY FISH.—She must have been near a frying. Waiter!

Enter WAITER.

DR DEMON.—Some whiskey and spirits of wine.

WAITER.—Cold, sir?

DR DEMON.—Boiling.

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Bring me some iced water.

WAITER.—Hot, sir?

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Freezing.

[Exit WAITER.]

DR DEMON.—I liked the steam Wagner put on, and the fiery gauze for clouds. I was at home.

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Like Dives—burning, burning, burning. I liked the Rhine water, and could have plunged down to the bottom.

DR DEMON.—Flosshilde had no birnie (singing):—

"The Rhine, boys, the Rhine, boys,  
The jolly, jolly Rhine;  
I care not for its waters,  
But I dearly love its wine."

MR COVENTRY FISH.—From Jolly's opera.

DR DEMON.—No. It's John Oxenford's favourite song—nobody can sing it but he.

MR COVENTRY FISH.—I prefer the Rhine-water, with Woglinde and Flosshilde, birnies or no birnies. I love the flow and the splash of it (tries to hum):—

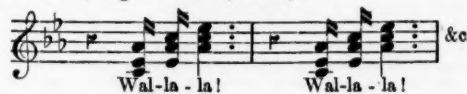


DR DEMON (aside).—Mendelssohn!

MR COVENTRY FISH.—*J'aime à nager en buvant* (drinks). To Wellgunde!

DR DEMON.—So you want all three *Rheintöchter*?

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Without birnies. I could swim with them, drink with them, sing with them (whistles):—



Wal - la - la! Wal - la - la!

DR DEMON (aside).—In harmony! Charming trout!

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Would I were with them in my native element!

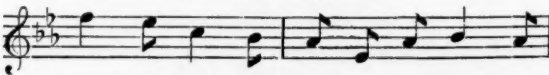
DR DEMON.—Sinner! You are scorched in water; I am frozen in fire. Our punishments are equal.

MR COVENTRY FISH.—Water extinguishes fire.

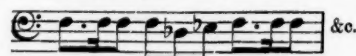
DR DEMON.—Fire boils water.

Enter WAITER, with grogs.

MR COVENTRY FISH (drinks, and sings):—



DR DEMON (drinks, and sings):—



MR COVENTRY FISH.—At any rate, we have witnessed "the Deed" at Bayreuth.

DR DEMON and MR COVENTRY FISH (together—loudly).—Die That!

[Exeunt to Carl Rosa's "Flying Dutchman."]

AS calmly, but as inexorably as Fate does Dr Hanslick proceed in his notice of the *Nibelungenring*. Without the slightest bias, and actuated solely by a true love for art, if he



can espy a beauty he is eager to point it out, though the next moment he relentlessly stigmatises an artistic crime or ridicules a childish conceit. Indeed his notice is indebted as much to his unvarying impartiality as to his critical acumen for its crushing force. Let the reader judge :—

"I have simply given in a few rapid touches the general impression produced by the four *Nibelungen* dramas; anything like a detailed analysis of so gigantic a work is, in the limited space at my disposal, quite out of the question. As I have said, we must abandon all idea of a purely musical impression. Wagner felt very well that the pleasure of listening, and listening to *such* music, was insufficient for so protracted a term of theatrical imprisonment, so he gave the public all sorts of things to look at. Never before in any opera has there been such an accumulation of scenic marvels. The most wonderful things which we have hitherto considered impossible, or of which, to speak more correctly, we never even thought, follow one another in the most rapid succession. Such are the Daughters of the Rhine swimming far down below the surface of the water; the Gods walking over the rainbow; the transformation of Alberich into a dragon and then into a toad; the dragon vomiting forth fire; the Fire-Charms; the Twilight of the Gods, &c. The poet has afforded the composer the widest scope for the latter's virtuosity as a tone-painter. But should it be a dramatic composer's highest ambition to write music for a quantity of fairy machinery? Karl Lemcke, one of Wagner's avowed partisans, laments, in his very favourable notice of the *Nibelungenring*, the injurious influence of these 'conjuring tricks, with a flavour of Bosco's Hall of Magic about them,' which simply lead to our 'elevating into a religion our worship of the fairy farce.' Indeed Wagner's *Nibelungenring* resembles works of this class far more than ought else. His material effects form a strange contrast to the pure idealism for which, as he boasts, his work is distinguished. He is invariably striving to produce the strongest possible effect upon the senses by all the means in his power. Even before the curtain rises, the mysterious heaving and surging of the invisible orchestra is intended to affect the hearer as a slight indulgence in opium eating would affect him—and, when the curtain is raised, but ere a single one of the characters opens his lips, we are under the continuous charm of a magically-lighted fairy-like scene; in the numerous night scenes, a vivid electric light illuminates the forms of the principal personages, and coloured clouds of steam wave hither and thither, now rolled up together and now dispersed about the stage. These clouds of steam, which in *Rheingold* actually supply the place of the curtain between the acts, constitute one of the mightiest weapons in Wagner's new dramatic arsenal. As a formless and fantastical element calculated to entrap the senses the uprising steam agrees especially well with Wagner's musical principle. He himself compares the music which is heard from his invisible orchestra to the 'vapours rising under the seat of the Pythoness,' since 'they throw the hearer into an enthusiastic state of clairvoyance!' From this there is but one step to the introduction on the stage of particular scents and odours—they are recognised by physiology as being particularly effective in working upon and strengthening our feelings. We speak quite seriously. Who does not know, from our nursery tales, that fairies are surrounded by a sweet perfume of roses, while the Devil regularly leaves a smell of brimstone behind him? The principle of making *all* the agents which work upon our feelings co-operate in strengthening certain emotions, and certain things represented, ought also to employ our olfactory nerves for the purpose of exciting our participation in the joy and sorrow of the personages of the drama. Wagner has laid under contribution all the modern discoveries in the application of science; with amazement did we see the gigantic machinery, the gas apparatus, and the steam engines upon and under the Bayreuth stage. Wagner's *Nibelungen* could no more have been composed before the invention of the electric light than without the harp and bass-tuba. Thus it is the *colouring*, in the widest acceptance of the term, which, in Wagner's latest work, covers the meagre design and usurps unexampled independence. The analogy between Wagner as a musician, Makart as a painter, and Hamerling as a poet, is self-evident. It is by its ensnaring influences over our senses that this music acts so powerfully as a direct nervous irritant upon the great mass of the public, especially on the female portion of it. The share of the professional musician

is his interest in the high-pressure technical employment of the orchestra and in listening with strained attention to find out how it is all 'done.' We consider neither the one nor the other of trifling importance, but neither should preponderate overwhelmingly. Neither the professional greediness of the chapelmaster nor the haschish dream of the fair enthusiast constitute the be-all and the end-all of a tone-poem; both are conceivable, and often actually present without the soul of music.

"But with whatever hopes or fears people might have wandered to Bayreuth, all were united in the conviction that we were about to witness an extraordinary event in a *theatrical* sense. Even this expectation, however, was very imperfectly fulfilled. We have duly acknowledged Wagner's sensible arrangement of the front of the house, and, also, in connection with the machinery, the scene of the swimming Rhine-Nymphs in the Prelude. From this point, however, everything gradually fell off. That there was a hitch at the very first change of scene, and that everything stuck, is a fact on which we will not lay too much stress, for it may happen in any theatre, though it would have been preferable for it not to happen in this 'Model Performance' at Bayreuth, a performance which had been in preparation and trumpeted up for heaven knows how long. However, there were instances of absolutely wrong and defective scenery, and that at the most important points. The rainbow over which the Gods walked to the Walhalla was placed so low as to be taken for a painted rustic bridge. Siegmund's combat with Hunding, and Wotan's share in it, in the *Walküre*, took place in such darkness and so much at the back of the stage that not a soul among the audience had a suspicion of so all-important an event. So far from appearing on horseback, the Walkyres simply passed along the horizon in a series of very clumsy and indistinct 'dissolving views,' like the Wild Hunt in *Der Freischütz*. In Munich there were young grooms, dressed as Walkyres, who leaped backwards and forwards on thick carpets; their riding, of ghost-like speed and accompanied by no sound, was incalculably effective. What a paltry Court Theatre can do should surely be within the capabilities of the Model Theatre at Bayreuth. The wall of fire which ought to have encompassed Brünnhilde *on all sides*, blazed at Bayreuth only *behind* her, leaving the fair sleeper on three sides perfectly free and accessible. How *that*, also, ought to be done the Munich Operahouse showed us long ago. We pass over the ridiculous goats yoked to the carriage of the Goddess Fricka, and the poor, wretchedly weak old horse, not ridden by Brünnhilde, but led by the bridle and held fast by a strap passing under the stage, as well as the many failures in the lighting department; we will merely mention the concluding scene in the *Götterdämmerung*, where the scenic art of the Wagner Theatre ought to have done, and intended to do, its best. Who did not look forward with delight to the moment when Brünnhilde, according to the express assurance of the text-book, 'vaults wildly upon the steed and at one bound dashes into the burning funeral pile'? Instead of this, Brünnhilde calmly leads her miserable Rosinante behind the scenes and never thinks of doing aught in either the 'vaulting' or 'dashing' line. The bold Hagen, too, who should 'fling himself as though frantic into the stream,' walks out at the right wing and two or three moments elapse before we behold him in the Rhine. The said Rhine, finally, which, 'tremendously swollen, rolls its waves into the very hall,' wobbled with its badly painted waves, evidently sewn together at the top, like the Red Sea at a country performance of Rossini's *Mosè*. If in leading scenes like these the performance *does not* and *cannot* realise the express directions which Wagner gives in the text-book, and what Wagner promises the public, there cannot possibly be any further question of a 'Model Performance.' By far the most successful portion of the whole exhibition were the scenes, as picturesque as original, by Joseph Hoffmann; had they been faithfully worked and lighted in a more suitable manner, they would probably have produced a greater effect even than they did produce. The scene-painter holds only half the effect in his hand; the other half depends upon the art displayed in lighting, an art which resembles the scoring of a musical thought. This second half was not complete at Bayreuth, and Hoffmann's ideas appeared in the photographs more melodiously conceived than they actually sounded in the Festival Playhouse.

"With regard to the *musical* execution, the greatest share of praise is due to the conductor, Hans Richter, and Mad. Materna,

who sang the part of Brünnhilde. We ought to feel pleased that three of the most eminent artists—Richter, Hoffmann, and Mad. Materna—come from Vienna. With regard to the orchestra, we must extol not only its admirable performance, but also the superhuman self-abnegation with which, shut off from light and air, and without coming in contact either with the stage or the spectators, its members did their work as cellarmen. The first violin was played by that renowned and well-proved artist, A. Wilhelmj; the instrument itself from which he obtained such dulcet sounds he vaunted to us as the production of our Vienna instrument-maker, Zach. Over all her fair colleagues towered Mad. Materna. A born Brünnhilde by vocal power and figure, she gave proof of having made wonderful progress in a dramatic as well as every other respect. May she return to us from this murderous campaign with her voice uninjured! The concerted singing of the three Daughters of the Rhine was excellent; Mad. Jaide was very admirable in the small part of Erda; insignificant the representative of Sieglinde; and utterly insufficient the representative of Gutrune. On the whole, the gentlemen distinguished themselves more than the ladies. This is especially true of Herren Vogel (Loge); Schlosser (Mime); Niemann (Siegmond); Betz (Wotan); Hill (Alberich); and Reichenberg (Fafner).

"That the great majority of the Bayreuth pilgrims broke out, after each of the four dramas, into rapturous applause was a matter of course; it was with that intention they had come. The conviction which I expressed in my first notice, that the vitality and effect of Wagner's latest work must be proved in other theatres, remains unchanged. Doubts, however, may be entertained whether, after the impression produced by the Bayreuth Festival performances, our managers will evince any particularly lively solicitude to undertake the trouble and the expense of so costly an experiment."

And this is the general impression produced upon a most competent and unprejudiced judge by the Model Performances of which we had heard so much, and from which we were taught to expect even more! Another example of the truth contained in Horace's well-known, and oft misquoted line:—

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

N. V. N.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In his *Elements of Criticism* Lord Kame says that "music improves the relish of a banquet." "That," replies Sterne, "I deny—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is, but are perfectly distinct, and cannot with the least propriety be said to mix or blend with the repast, as they do not serve to raise the flavour of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or quicken the appetite. But music and painting add spirit to devotion, and quicken its ardour."

We are informed by Sir John Malcolm that the Persians deem music a science, though they do not appear to have made much progress in it. They have a gamut and notes and different kinds of melody adapted to various styles, such as the pathetic, the voluptuous, the joyous, and the warlike. The voice is accompanied by instruments, of which they possess a considerable number; but they cannot be said to be further advanced in this science than the Indians, from whom they are supposed to have borrowed it. Their strains are often pleasing, but always monotonous; and they want variety of expression, one of the charms of art.

CAMELS and elephants are fond of music, and the fact is well known to Arabs. When camels become fatigued in crossing the deserts, their drivers sing in trio, and are joined in full chorus by all the members of the caravan who possess musical voices. This has so surprising an effect in invigorating the camels that they proceed on their journey with apparent cheerfulness. Elephants are equally susceptible of melody. There is a long account in vol. I. of the *Leipsiger Allgemeine Zeitung* of a number of interesting experiments made upon elephants in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. At the conclusion of a piece of music some elephants have been known to fondle the musicians with their trunks.

In the month of October there were born Giuseppe Verdi (1813); Rudolf Kreutzer (1766); Adolfo Fumigalli (1828); Federico Ricci (1809); Franz Liszt (1809). In the same month there died Georges François Lesueur (1837); Antonio Sacchini (1786); Adrien Boieldieu (1834); G. Nepomuceno Hummel (1837); F. Chopin (1849); Etienne Henri Méhul (1817); Michael W. Balfe (1870); Ludwig Spohr (1859); Alessandro Scarlatti (1725); P. Raimondi (1853); and Francesco Morlacchi (1841).

ONE of the sights well worth visiting in Paris is the Museum of the Conservatory, which is open to the public every Monday and Wednesday, from noon to four p.m. It has recently received some valuable additions. Prince Pierre G. Stourdza has presented specimens of the stringed instruments to which he has given such novel and strange shapes. To these violins, violoncellos, and tenors, he has added an immense six-chord piano, also of his own invention. Above the Prince's stringed instruments are placed the singular violins invented by Savart, the celebrated natural philosopher, by Belleville, and by the brothers Couder. The collection includes, likewise, a fine violin by Aldric, the gift of M. Baluze; a unique specimen of the *bassonore*, invented and improved by Winnen; the bassoon formerly belonging to Cokken, the well-known virtuoso; and, lastly, an Italian mandura or mandore, richly ornamented, and in a perfect state of preservation.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.—Amongst the operatic novelties promised by Mr Carl Rosa during his present season at the Lyceum Theatre is the performance in England of an old French opera, by Nicolo, entitled *Jocunde*. In this opera is an air called "Dans un délire extrême," which has a most exquisitely melodious refrain to the well-known words—

"Et l'on revient toujours,  
A ses premières amours."

Persons who go to hear *Jocunde*, and who can remember a song entitled "We have lived and loved together," which was very popular about forty years ago, will recognise as an old friend Nicolo's charming melody, borrowed and vulgarised by some unknown English composer, without any acknowledgment. "We have lived and loved together" bore on the title-page no name of either composer or author, but it was embellished with the lithograph of a lady wearing a turban (as was the fashion in those days), beneath which was a mysterious paragraph about a certain Lady Emily B—, whose sorrows, personal charms, and musical talents had made her an object of sympathetic interest in fashionable circles. Her most popular song was, "We have lived and loved together." This was a mere fiction and ruse of the publisher, who knew well enough that the air in question was stolen from Nicolo's beautiful opera.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE thus discourses, in a recent number of the *Galaxy*, on Violins and Women:—

"By the way, I wonder that no one has ever pointed out the general and charming likeness that there is between the form of a violin and that of a beautiful woman. It exists nevertheless, as every one will see now that it has been told them, and with this remarkable parallel—that no violin is either perfectly beautiful, or well fitted to its functions, that has too small a waist. Stradivarius the Great, whose glories and virtues have been sung by Longfellow and by George Eliot, in his experimental seeking after the best form of the instrument, undertook at one time to reduce the size of the waist, which, again by the way, is made for the accommodation of the bow; but whether there is a parallel in the other waist being made for the other beau is a point upon which I am not competent to express an opinion. Stradivarius, in reducing the waist of the violin, produced what is known as his 'long pattern.' The instruments made upon this pattern are, however, no longer than others, the length of the body of a full-sized violin rarely varying more than a quarter of an inch either way from thirteen inches. The reduction of the waist, however, made Stradivarius' violins of his early middle period seem long; hence their name. But he soon abandoned this fancy, and returned to more natural, more useful, more beautiful proportions, in which it is heartily to be wished that all women would follow his example. The real amateur of the violin has such a high and abiding sense of its external beauty that this connection of it with the fairer sex will not seem to him, and therefore should not be taken by them, as any derogation to that dignity of their sex about which many of them are so constantly, and I cannot but think so superfluously, solicitous. An honest old German

repairer of violins, a mere worker in wood, having no more notions either of gallantry or aesthetics than his glue-pot, once said to me, of a very fine specimen which he had in hand, 'Ach! she is loafy—loafy like a beautiful woman.' He said this, I am sure, without any perception of likeness in form, but merely as the warmest expression of his admiration of which he was capable. He meant it as a high compliment, and so it was—to the violin!"

THE following announcement was recently placarded on the walls and advertised in the journals of Vienna: "The Vienna Automaton-Theatre, Seilerstätte, No. 15, will be opened to-day, Sunday, the 24th September, for a short season. The performance will consist of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, in four parts: *Die Töchter des Rheins*, *Der Walkürenritt*, *Siegfried's Drachenkampf*, and *Walhall in Flammen*. Costumes, scenery, and stage mechanical contrivances of astounding beauty. The vocal portion (tenor and soprano) will be executed by distinguished artists. In short, the entertainment will be a Bayreuth Festival Performance, *en miniature*. The representations take place every day at seven o'clock. On Sundays and Thursdays, there are two representations, one at four and the other at seven." From the concluding portion of the above announcement, it is evident that the representation of the entire Tetralogical Trilogy cannot possibly last longer than two hours and a half at the utmost. This is an improvement on the original representations at Bayreuth, as far as length is concerned, but how relentlessly the pruning-knife must have been employed! These "Bayreuth Festival Performances, *en miniature*," might suggest to ill-natured persons that the Trilogy will, in this instance, be interpreted by the kind of artists best suited for the "The Master." Puppets do not care how often they appear, and are not particularly susceptible as to the way in which they are treated.

#### PROVINCIAL.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A very successful performance of *Judas Maccabæus* took place in the Town Hall on the 11th inst. The leading vocalists were Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mad. Patey, Miss Jessie Jones, Mr Hollins, and Mr Patey. The choruses were entrusted to Mr Rea's choir. Mr Rea conducted and Mr Alverson presided at the organ. Mr Patey sang the music allotted to him very effectively, especially distinguishing himself in "Arm, arm, ye brave." Mr Hollins, the tenor—a native of Sheffield, we believe—made a decided hit. His rendering of the air, "Sound an alarm," procured him a unanimous and most hearty encore, which there was no resisting. He possesses a fine voice, which, aided by study and application, will, no doubt, enable him to make his mark in the artistic world. In "From mighty kings" and "Oh, wretched Israel," Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington proved herself once more the accomplished singer we know her to be. Mad. Patey was very fine in "Father of Heaven;" and in "Oh, never bow we down" and "O lovely peace," the two ladies, uniting their forces, excited the greatest admiration. By his execution of the march in the last part, Mr Alverson proved how capable he is of turning to account the resources of the "King of Instruments." The members of the chorus did their share of the work admirably, and reflected great credit upon their musical instructor, Mr Rea. By the way, we must not close our notice without noticing the marked ability with which that gentleman wielded the conductor's stick.

GLASGOW.—It was to be expected that there would be a crowded attendance at Mr Pyatt's ballad concert, which took place in the City Hall, seeing that Mr Sims Reeves' name was in the programme. When Mr Sims Reeves made his first appearance on the platform to sing the new song by Guest, "Only a face at the window," he was met with a storm of applause. "My Pretty Jane" was capitally given, and, in response to repeated calls, he sang "Tom Bowling." His last song was "The Macgregor's Gathering," in which his fine voice was heard to full advantage. The applause was positively deafening, and though Mr Reeves appeared no fewer than four times on the stage, bowing his acknowledgments and indicating his inability to sing again, a part of the audience persisted in demanding an "encore." Mr Reeves was resolute, however, and would not return to the platform in answer to the unseemly and discourteous noises which still continued. Three of the other artists appeared in order, but, being unable to secure silence, were forced to retire. Signor Foli ultimately succeeded in gaining a hearing for "Jack's Yarn." Thus the programme was curtailed of two songs. Mme Cave Ashton sang the pieces allotted to her with considerable taste. For Mme Osborne Williams the indulgence of the audience was asked. Mdlle Brouil showed herself mistress of the violin,

and Mr Nicholson master of the flute. Signor Foli thoroughly earned the applause which greeted him at the end of each of his songs. Mr Sidney Naylor acted as pianist.—*Scotsman*.

EDINBURGH.—Mr Charles Oberthür made his first appearance before an Edinburgh audience in the Freemasons' Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 14th inst. The Lord Provost was present, and the hall was filled with a most fashionable audience. Mr Oberthür was assisted by Herr Feodore Blume (pianist), Miss Simpson (soprano), Mr Walter D'Egville (tenor), Mr Miller-Craig (bass), and Mr George D'Egville (violinello). It must be regarded as a compliment to the nationality of his auditory that Mr Oberthür selected as his first solo an arrangement by himself of the three Scottish airs, "Robin Adair," "Logie o' Buchan," and "Bonnie Prince Charlie." The melodies were pleasantly rendered, and the elaborate variations skilfully played. His next and principal solo was a piece for the concerto of his own composition, with pianoforte accompaniment. The audience was not one likely to display much exuberance of feeling, and Mr Oberthür is to be congratulated on receiving the amount of applause which his work called forth. Herr Blume took a leading part in the performance, and both in his playing of the duets with Mr Oberthür, from *Oberon* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, as well as in his interpretation of one of Beethoven's sonatas, showed that he is capable of securing a position of high rank as a pianoforte player. Miss Simpson was in excellent voice, and her singing of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," with harp accompaniment, were very pleasing features of the entertainment. Mr Miller-Craig sang Schumann's well-known air, "Die Beiden Grenadiere," and "Jack's Yarn," by Louis Diehl, while Mr. W. D'Egville gave a French and a German song, and Mr G. D'Egville assisted in rendering a plaintive duet for violinello and harp of Mr Oberthür's composition, entitled, "La Prière." Mr Oberthür throughout showed himself complete master of his instrument, and, except in one case, played the selections without using the music-book. From the success of his first concert, he may safely rely upon a large audience at any future time he may choose to pay Edinburgh a visit.

#### THE MUSICAL STUDENT.

Air—"Woo'd and married an' a'."

They speak o' the musical beauties  
O' Bach an' Beethoven an' a';  
But wae me o' a' their inversions  
They ken almost naething ava'.  
Their chords o' the sixth in the minor,  
Wi' dominant sevenths an' a'.  
Their discords wi' neat preparations,  
An' fine resolutions an' a'.  
Plagued an' bothered an' a',  
Bothered an' plagued an' a',  
Wi' chords o' the sixth an' the seventh,  
The ninth, eleventh, an' a'.

The subject I just had completed,  
Had twa or three fifths in a raw,  
Wi' ither sic fause-like relations,  
Consecutive octaves an' a'.  
My discords, I tried to resolve them,  
By contrary motion an' a';  
But tho' I had contrary motion,  
'Twas contrary only to law.  
Plagued an' bothered an' a',  
Bothered an' plagued an' a',  
Wi' a' their confounded suspensions,  
Which simply means hanging by law.

An' then cam' their fugues an' their canons,  
Augmented, diminished, an' a',  
Which only diminished my chances  
O' getting them richt ava'.  
But then cam' the end o' the session—  
A jolly relief frae a'—  
When my chords went to sixes an' sevens,  
An' I to the Hiellands, hurra'!  
Freed frae bother an' a',  
Dominants, tonics, an' a';  
Resolving the whole into pleasure,  
The best resolution o' a'.

F. E. I. S.



## PERFERVIDUM INGENIUM SCOTORUM.

(Extract from a Letter.)

Mr Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, in concluding a series of eight concerts at Edinburgh, on Saturday last, came out with a kind of fiery protest against the statement that Scottish nationality was decaying. He brought the colonies up in evidence. Look! in Queensland, a Macallister is Premier; in New South Wales, a Scottish Robertson holds the reins of government; in Victoria, a McCulloch reigns; in New Zealand, Sir James Fergusson was Governor; in the United States, too, President Grant is half a Scotchman; \* in Canada, for long years, a Macdonald was Prime Minister, ousted at last by a Mackenzie! (Deafening applause from the "gods.") If the Scottish nation decays, where will you get your rulers? (More "Olympian" cheers.) Mr Kennedy then concluded by remarking that Macaulay's New Zealander, perched on the ruins of London Bridge, amid the wreck of this vast empire, would find the remnant of the human race engaged in singing "Auld Lang Syne!" It is obvious Mr Kennedy has been sometime in the United States! W. H.

—O—  
WAIFS.

It is stated that there are 2,000 teachers of music in Boston, U.S. M. Vieuxtemps has returned to Paris from the baths of Bourbon-l'Archambaud.

It is stated that Herr Wilhelmj thinks of shortly giving some concerts in Vienna.

The *Bristol Times and Mirror* says that Mozart composed "fifty odd symphonies." Even so.

M. Octave Fouque has been appointed assistant librarian at the Paris Conservatory of Music.

Mr Wills's play of *Nell Gwynne* will shortly be produced by Miss Fowler at the Royalty Theatre.

The house where Salvator Rosa was born, in Naples, has been marked by a commemorative stone.

A Chicago liveryman secures the patronage of lovers by having the seats of his vehicles made rather small for two persons.

The late Herr Bergmann has been succeeded by Dr Leopold Damrosch as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, New York.

M. Jules Deswert has been appointed Solo Violinist to the Emperor of Austria and Professor at the Imperial Conservatory. Mr Wilford Morgan is engaged next week in Dublin to sing in ballad operas as sung by him with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

The Corporation of Milan have resolved on placing a tablet on the front of the house where Bellini resided near Porta Romana, in 1827 and 1831.

Lord Lytton is making arrangements with Mr Hollingshead for the production of his late father's unacted play, founded on the *Captivi* of Plautus.

The authors of *Dimitri*, and the principal singers in it, have presented M. Danbé, conductor at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, with a handsome bronze ornament.

King Victor Emmanuel has conferred the order of the Crown of Italy on M. Parodi, author of the tragedy, *Rome vaincue*, recently produced at the Théâtre-Français.

The King of the Belgians has subscribed a sum of one hundred and fifty francs towards the monument to be erected in memory of Isidore de Vos, a young composer of Ghent.

Mr Barton McGuckin, the new tenor, who has been studying under Maestro Firmlegi for some time in Milan, has returned to town where he purposes residing permanently.

The first of a series of six Concerts Populaires, under the direction of M. Joseph Dupont, will take place at the Théâtre National de l'Alhambra, Brussels, on the 5th November.

It has been announced that Mdle Carlotta Patti is about to make a professional tour through Germany. She will be accompanied by Sig. Sivori, M. Jules Deswert, and M. Joseffy.

A very curious object is announced for sale by auction, in Paris, at the end of the month. It is a crystal violin. The sounds produced by it are, however, the reverse of agreeable.

The series of M. Pasdeloup's Concerts Populaires will commence to-morrow, the 22nd inst., and M. Colonne's Concerts du Châtelet will be inaugurated for the season to-morrow week.

\* What is worse than one flute?—Two flutes (*Cherubini*). What is worse than a Scotchman?—Half a Scotchman (*D. Peters*).

An Indianapolis critic spoke of Bülow's playing as "laden with the perfumes of the early roses, as an April zephyr in the Floridas." The pianist lost six hundred dollars in Indianapolis.

The candidates for the seat of the late Félicien David in the Académie des Beaux Arts, are MM. Adolphe Blanc, Adrien Boieldieu, Ernest Boulanger, Membree, E. Reyer, Th. Semet, and Vogel.

According to the *Courier Journal*, published in Louisville, U.S., a country chap went into an outfitting warehouse and enquired, "Do you retail shirts here?" "No," was the reply; "we make 'em all new."

The celebrated Russian pianist, Mad. Essipoff, embarks to-day for America, where she will remain six months and give one hundred and four concerts. For this she will receive in round numbers four thousand pounds sterling.

An old Scotch lady, of very religious tendencies, being asked her opinion of the organ the first time she had ever heard one at a church, replied: "It's a very pretty box of whistles, but, oh! it's an awful way to spend the Sabbath."

Mdlle Annette Julie Nicolo-Isouard, second daughter of the composer of *Jocunde*, died on the 6th inst., in Paris, aged sixty-two. She was an excellent musician and composed several pieces of considerable merit for the voice and for the piano.

Herr Ignaz Brüll, the composer of the highly successful comic opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, is busy at a new work for the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. The libretto, of which the subject is taken from a comedy of Bauernfeld's, is by Dr Mosenthal.

On the proposal of M. Charles Lamoureux, the members of the orchestra at the Paris Opéra-Comique were last week invited to decide, by their votes, which of their number should be elected second conductor. Their choice fell upon M. Vaillart.

M. Jean Hennekindt, better known under the name of Inchindi, has just died suddenly as he was passing through Brussels. He was born at Bruges in 1798, and was the original representative of Max in the *Chalet*, at the Paris Opéra-Comique, in 1834.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, U.S., resumed their rehearsals on the 1st inst., at the Bumstead Hall. With the exception that they will give *The Messiah* at Christmas, their programme for the winter is not yet definitively decided on.

Mr Arthur Stirling will return to the stage on the occasion of the revival of *No Thoroughfare* at the Olympic Theatre, and sustain the character of Obenreizer, originally created by M. Fechter. Mr Henry Neville will sustain his original character of George Vendale.

Dr Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, who has lately visited Germany, has sent word to New York that he will take back with him to America a manuscript overture by Wagner and a new composition by Liszt, which he will produce at his concerts for the first time.

During his last long illness, which was expected to end fatally very much sooner than it did, Thaddeus Stevens used to be borne in a chair, carried by two stout servants, to his place in the American House of Representatives. One morning, as the men were preparing to lift him, he remarked: "Ah, boys! who will carry me, I wonder, when you are dead and gone?"

Considerable surprise has been excited in Vienna that Herr Jauner intends engaging Herr Niemann, of Berlin, for the character of Siegmund, when *Die Walküre* is performed at the Imperial Operahouse. The general opinion of the Viennese is that Herr Labatt, who is a regular member of Herr Jauner's company, would be, to say the least, quite as good a Siegmund as Herr Niemann.

A Milwaukee belle, attending a theatre lately, complained that the light was so dim she could not see the acting properly. "Pray try this glass," said a gentleman with her, handing her his opera-glass. Hastily covering the strange object with her handkerchief, she put it to her lips, took a long pull, and handed it back in disgust, with the remark: "Why, there aint a drop in it!"

Some time since, Herr Remenyi, the well-known Hungarian violinist, asserted that the gipsies had ruined Hungarian music. This naturally excited profound indignation in all the musical encampments of the gipsies, and Bekes, a prominent member of their people, challenged Herr Remenyi to mortal—no, musical combat, the public to act as umpire, and award the palm of victory.

The second number of the *Bibliothèque musicale du théâtre de l'Opéra*, classified and annotated by M. de Lagarte, has just been published. This second period, placed under the heading: "Campra," and ornamented with a fine portrait of that composer, extends from 1697 to 1753, commencing at *L'Europe galante*, Campra's brilliant introduction to the stage, and finishing with *L'Empire de l'Amour*, the opera-ballet by Moncrif and the Marquis de Brissac, whom Voltaire always praises so insidiously in his correspondence.

M. Lefuel, the architect of the Louvre, will soon be ready with the monument he was commissioned to execute in memory of Auber. On the 11th inst. he applied to the Prefect of the Seine for permission to remove the remains of the deceased composer from the Montmartre Cemetery, where they were provisionally placed, to Pere-Lachaise. It cannot be long ere the monument will be formally inaugurated.

The most celebrated of all the houses which will shortly be pulled down to make room for the Avenue du Nouvel Opéra, Paris, is undoubtedly the one bearing the number 18, in the Rue d'Argenteuil. It was in that house that, on the 1st October, 1681, Pierre Corneille died, aged seventy-eight. What will become of his bust and the commemorative tablet placed, in 1821, above the doorway of the celebrated building?

As Mad. Adelina Patti is better, and does not desire to ruin her Russian manager, Sig. Feri, she will, with the consent of her medical advisers, leave for the land of the Moscov, about the 15th of next month. She will sing both at St Petersburg and Moscow, remain in Russia eleven weeks, and then visit Vienna and London as usual. The patrons of the Italian Theatre, Paris, will have to give up all hopes of hearing her before the winter of 1877-78.

The Florentine Quartet, under Herr Jean Becker, will give a limited number of concerts this winter, in Paris, where it has not been heard for eight or nine years. With the exception of the violoncellist, no longer Herr Hilpert, its members are the same as when it was first established. Its name of the Florentine Quartet it owes to the fact of its having been founded in Florence; for, of the four artists comprising the quartet, two only are Italians: Signor Enrico Masi, second violin, and Sig. Luigi Ghiostri, tenor. Herr Becker is by birth an Alsatian, and M. Hegyesi, the new violoncellist—a pupil of Franchomme and the Paris Conservatory—a Hungarian.

Not long ago, Mr Adams was rehearsing, at Hamburg, the grand scene of the oath, in *Les Huguenots*. But the execution did not please the conductor, who, tapping his desk, requested the artist "to try back." During the silence which followed this request and the compliance with it, a voice, issuing from the back-ground, where the chorus were stationed, was heard to say, rather more loudly, perhaps, than was intended: "Some one has sworn false." All present burst out laughing, and Mr Adams, who at first appeared rather staggered, eventually joined in the general hilarity, though perhaps not really enjoying the joke as much as he affected to enjoy it.

The Professor of Music (Sir F. A. Gore-ouseley) gives notice that the second examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. will commence on Tuesday, October 24, at 10 a.m., in the Music School. The examination for the degree of Mus. Doc. will commence at the same time and place as the above. Each of the above examinations will occupy at least two days. Candidates whose exercises have been approved, and who propose to offer themselves for either of these examinations, are to give in their names to the Clerk of the Schools on or before October 21, to pay the statutory fee of £2, and to exhibit their "Testamur" of having passed the previous examination.

**LEEDS TOWN HALL ORCHESTRA.**—The orchestra of the Town Hall has, ever since its construction in 1858, been pronounced by those who have had occasion to use it as the very worst in the country. Its limited size, its steep ascent, and the great height of its front, have been universally condemned. Even at the opening of the Town Hall, when a musical festival was held, the orchestra was completely re-arranged and extended; and no great musical performance has since that time been held in the hall without the erection of "wings." It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of pounds have been spent by the Festival Committee, and by concert-givers, in temporary alterations and extensions of the orchestra. The Festival Committee have frequently drawn the attention of the Corporate Property Committee to the serious defects of the Town Hall orchestra, and recently again waited on that committee to urge a reconstruction of the orchestra before the Triennial Festival of 1877. The Corporate Property Committee at length assented to the proposal that Mr Morant, the borough engineer, should, after consultation with the Festival Committee, draw a plan for such re-construction and enlargement, and prepare an estimate of the cost. These were laid before the Corporate Committee recently, when a deputation from the Festival Committee pointed out the great advantages of the scheme. The front of the orchestra, it is proposed, will be lowered from 7ft. to 5ft., and the space on either side, from the hall side doors to the present orchestra will be filled up with the new structure. The stages usually occupied by the violoncello and double-bass players are to be widened; and the ascent to the top of the orchestra will be several inches less steep on every stage or stair

than now. The wide side steps leading from the hall to the orchestra will be done away with, and the entrance to the orchestra for the principal performers will be by a flight of steps leading from the Great George Street door directly on to the platform of the orchestra. The alterations will give extra accommodation to 150 performers; and the cost is estimated not to exceed £350.—*Leeds Express*.

**BARCELONA.**—*Nabucco* has been performed with Signora Carlotta Bossi and Signor Varvaro.

**HAMBURG.**—The Oberammergau Passion-Plays have not proved very successful here. While freely acknowledging the manner in which they were put upon the stage and carried out, the audience appeared to think that such performances are not fitted for theatrical representation.

**BRUSSELS.**—The last novelty at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been *Les Noces de Jeannette*, with Mlle Donadio in the character of the heroine. By the way, the report of this young lady's singing lately in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, at Moscow, was erroneous. The other operas have been *Le Prophète*, *Carmen*, and *La Muette*. *Piccolino* is promised shortly, and then will come the starring engagement of Mme Pauline Lucca.—M. Offenbach's buffo opera of *La Boulangère a des Ecus* has been brought out at the Fantaisies Parisiennes. The two principal parts are sustained by Mlles Claudia and Van Ghell, who "created" them when the work was first produced in Paris.—The Section des Fanfares of the Brotherhood of the Holy Family at Meerbeck-Cortenbergh, comprising some forty performers, most of whom are under ten years of age, were lately invited to play before the King and Queen at the Palace. On entering the saloon their Majesties were greeted with the "Brabançonne," played by the young instrumentalists, who executed various other pieces. In answer to the King, who expressed great satisfaction at what he heard, and inquired of the conductor, François Tuls, his age, the youthful artist replied: "*Majesteit, ik ben twaelf jaren oud*" ("Your Majesty, I am twelve years old").

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CHORUS OF DUENNAS ..... "We are poor weak things."

CHORUS ..... "Now through the air."

FINALE ..... "Welcome knight and welcome squire."

### Act III.

#### ENTR'ACTE

CHORUS ..... "All is ready."

CHORUS ..... "Hail, mighty governor."

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